ly entering upon the comedy of the moment.

"And," continued the admiral, "as my son, Major Edward Coventry, has sent me word he will be here shortly, you can renew your acquaintance with him."

It was as if he had exploded a bombshell in the room.

"Edward! Coming here?" cried Elizabeth, her voice filled with terror at the unfortunate event, which she vainly endeavored to conceal. "What for? Why did you not tell me?"

"He desired to surprise you, my dear," answered the admiral, wondering again at her agitation. "You know your wedding takes place next week."

"Ah, a wedding!" said O'Neill, starting and looking at Elizabeth. "Mademoiselle is then to marry?"

"Yes, your friend Major Coventry," replied the old man, "an old engagement."

"I refused to marry him for a year, and for six months more. I waited all that time. There was no word," she said slowly to O'Neill, as if each word were wrung from her by his intent look, her pale cheeks flooded with color.

"Have you taken leave of your senses, Elizabeth?" continued the admiral in great surprise. "Of what interest to a stranger is your—er—maidenly hesitation?"

"Anything which concerns so fair a lady is of deep interest to your humble servant," answered O'Neill ironically and bitterly. The comedy had gone, tragedy, as ever, following hard upon it.

A door at the rear of the room was opened softly at this moment, and a young man in the brilliant scarlet uni-

"It is"— she cried.

form of a British officer entered and stepped lightly toward them. His glance fell first upon the speaker.

"Barry O'Neill, by heaven!" he exclaimed, springing eagerly forward with outstretched hand. "How came you here?" For a moment the young soldier was oblivious of the presence of his father and his betrothed. His untimely entrance filled the room with apprehension and dismay.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL.

"O'NEILL!" said the admiral, in much bewilderment. "Edward, this is your friend the Marquis de Richemont."

"Edward, do not speak!" cried Lady Elizabeth distractedly.

"Ah, Elizabeth, my love and duty to you, but not speak? About what, pray? What mean you?"

"Is this gentleman, the Marquis de Richemont, your friend or not, sir? Cease this byplay, Elizabeth. I will have an explanation," demanded the now thoroughly aroused admiral.

"My friend? Quite so," said Major Coventry, smiling. "Though I was ignorant that he was a marquis, he is none the less welcome. I am exceedingly glad to see him again. You, too, I presume, Elizabeth?"

"Glad even as you are," she replied deliberately, now seeing that further concealment was useless.

"But you called him O'Neill," continued the admiral.

"That is my name, sir," said O'Neill calmly, recognizing the uselessness of further evasion. "I am one of the Irish O'Neills, formerly of County Clare, now in the service of the king of France." He could not have said it more proudly had he been the king himself.

"The last time I saw you you were on the Ranger, that American Continental ship," continued Coventry.

"As a prisoner, sir?" cried the admiral.

"As an officer, my lord," answered the Irishman.

"What, sir? And now you are"—

"Second lieutenant of the American Continental ship Bon Homme Richard, Captain John Paul Jones, at your service," was the dauntless reply.

"Good gad!" said the admiral. "Is it possible? And you, Elizabeth—you have deceived me also. You knew this man?"

"Yes, sir; but not as the Marquis de Richemont."

"You have met this gentleman before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where, may I ask, and when?"

"About a year and a half since, sir. You remember when the Maidstone was wrecked? He saved me from death then, and after Captain Jones put me ashore, you know"—

"He spared my life, too, as well, sir, at that time," said Coventry; "they both did."

"You seem to be a good hand at saving lives, Lieutenant O'Neill, marquis de Richemont. Perhaps you can think now of some way of saving your own," remarked the admiral sarcastically.

"'Tis useless to me now, my lord, and not worth the saving," answered the young man calmly. "But I would not have you mar the approaching nuptials of your son and ward by an execution. Let me at least live until the wedding. I shall be more willing to die then," he added softly.

"You came here for what purpose?" continued the admiral, disregarding the latter words of the young man as utterly irrelevant.

"To find out the number and force and disposition of the ships in the harbor."

"At the instance of"—

"Captain Jones, sir."

"The murdering pirate!"

"I have resented such language and proved its falsity upon the person of your son, sir," burst out O'Neill stepping forward, his hand upon his sword. "Shall I impose the same lesson on the father?"

"You are a prisoner, sir," replied the admiral imperturbably, "and are here at my pleasure to receive, not to give, lessons. Stand back, sir! Sergeant, bring in a file of men for a guard. Deliver up your sword at once, sir, to Major Coventry!"

"Your lordship is master here. I obey," answered the Irishman, shrugging his shoulders, and, drawing his sword, he tendered it to Major Coventry, who stepped forward reluctantly to receive it.

"Father," he said respectfully, "so far as my knowledge goes Captain Jones is certainly a gentleman. Had it not been for his magnanimity and that of my friend—I may still call you that, sir?"

"I am vastly honored, sir, I am sure."

—"my friend, the Marquis de Richemont, you would be childless to-day. Had it not been for the courage of this gentleman, Lady Elizabeth here"—

"Oh, sir," cried Elizabeth impetuously, "they are men of honor. I pray you, release this officer and let him go free. Nay, never shake your head; I ask it as a wedding gift to me, sir."

"My liberty your wedding gift, mademoiselle? Never!" interrupted O'Neill firmly.

"Say no more, either of you," said the admiral decisively. "You, sir, came here as an enemy, a spy."

"Not so, sir. I came here in the uniform of a French officer."

"But that is not the uniform of the flag under which you now serve," continued the admiral keenly. "You may secure some consideration, however, at my hands as representing his majesty the king, God bless him! by revealing the circumstances and plans and the ultimate purpose of your rebellious captain."

"Clearly an impossible proposition," said O'Neill, bowing.

"But, stop!" said the admiral. "Now that I recall it, you gave me your word of honor that you came here to see this lady."

"And that is true, sir. I might have escaped to my ship with ease, in possession of the information I desired to get, but I came up to the castle to see her."

"A most foolish excursion, sir, and why, pray?"

"Because I love her," said O'Neill calmly.

"What!" cried Coventry, in great surprise and dismay. "Did you know this, Elizabeth?"

"Is a woman ever ignorant of the feelings she excites in a lover's breast, sir?" O'Neill answered for her.

"And have you—did you"—continued Coventry, looking still at Elizabeth.

"Lady Elizabeth has done nothing, sir. No word of affection has ever crossed her lips, to me at least," again replied O'Neill. "She would not even wait."

"Oh, but she did," interrupted Coventry jealously. "A year—six months—she tried to postpone her wedding for six months more. I begin to understand."

"Peace, Edward!" said Elizabeth, trembling violently. "The Marquis de Richemont is—is nothing to me—can never be anything to me, that is. The wedding shall proceed at the appointed date. I gave you my word. It was the wish of my mother, the wish of the admiral, your wish"—

"And yours also, dearest Elizabeth, is it not?" said Coventry, taking her hand entreatingly. She hesitated and stood silent.

"Have me executed at once, sir, in mercy and pity," said O'Neill to the admiral. "Let it be now—the sooner the better. This I cannot stand. 'Tis too much."

"Not so," replied the admiral gravely. "I will consider the matter further and consult with you again. Meanwhile if you will give me your parole I will allow you the freedom of the castle."

"Parole! 'Tis given, sir. Faith, I hardly think you could drive me away."

"That's well," returned the admiral. "Sergeant, call my steward and have him assign chambers to the Marquis de Richemont. Coventry, I presume you will place your wardrobe at his disposal in case he needs anything. Now the marquis will doubtless wish to retire. We will see him in the morning. Come, Elizabeth. Good night, sir. The sergeant will attend you."

"Lord Westbrooke, I thank you. Major Coventry, your servant. Lady Elizabeth, I wish you joy on your wedding. Good night," replied the young man, bowing to them all in succession.

As the admiral and the others left the room, the young lieutenant sank down on his chair and put his head upon his hands upon the table. The old sergeant, who had seen it all, watched him a moment in silence. Walking up to him finally and laying his hands on his shoulder with the familiarity of a privileged character he said:

"Come now, sir, be a soldier."

"You can give no worse advice than that to a sailor, my friend," replied O'Neill, rising and smiling in spite of his misery. "Lead on; I will follow," he added.

As they passed down the great hall the eyes of the wretched lieutenant fell upon a large picture hanging rather low on the wall in a far corner above a dais near the doorway. It was the portrait of a beautiful woman in the fashion of some fifty years back. She was seated in a great carved oak chair, the counterpart of and evidently painted from one sitting beneath it. In face and feature the portrait was a striking likeness of Lady Elizabeth Howard. The skill of the painter had been so great, the colors had been so nicely chosen, so delicately laid on, that in the flickering, uncertain candlelight, which left this part of the room in a rather deep shadow, the picture actually seemed to breathe. O'Neill stopped as if petrified.

"Come along, sir," said the sergeant gruffly.

"A moment, if you please, my friend—a moment. What sort of a man are you to pass by such as this without notice? It should be Lady Elizabeth, but the fashion of the dress"—

"It's her mother, sir, a cousin of the admiral. I pass it every day, sir, an' I've got so I don't take no notice on it, no more. She was a young thing scarce older than her young leddyship when she set for that paintin', an' they had no children for years, leastaways they all died till this baby was born, an' then she died too. I've been attached to the admiral's service in one way or another sence I was a boy, an' dandled her many a time on my knee. Yes, and her young leddyship, Lady Elizabeth that is, too, w'en she was a little girl."

"My regard for you goes up a thou-

There was a tremendous crash.

sandfold, my friend," said O'Neill, smiling. "I could almost envy you your opportunities. Would I had been you!"

"'Tain't no use wishin' that," said the old sergeant, shaking his head. "There never was no Frenchman could ever take my place."

"Quite right," replied O'Neill, smiling. "'Twould be clearly impossible."

"Come along then, yer honor."

"Stay a moment," returned the enraptured Irishman. "A year at gaze would not sate me with the beauty of this picture. How like is the fair image!" murmured the entranced young man, approaching nearer and fairly holding his breath under the influence of the moment. He stretched out his hand toward the painting with a little reverential gesture.

"Look out, sir!" said the sergeant warningly. "The picture hangs very loose an' the frame"—

What evil fate was it that determined its fall at that moment? There was a tremendous crash, something gave way and the great frame dropped from its place on the wall and fell across the heavy oaken chair which stood beneath it, and the picture was impaled upon its Gothic points. The two men sprang to seize it and lift it up. Alas, it had been literally torn to pieces! The canvas had evidently been originally a defective one, for it had split in every direction. Restoration was clearly impossible.

"Good heavens!" said the Irishman. "What a misfortune!"

"It had to come, an' it's too late to be mended now," said the sergeant philosophically; "so we must get on."

"Very good," said O'Neill, tenderly lifting the frame, with the rags of the tattered canvas hanging to it, back against the wall. "There is nothing to keep us here now. Unlucky fool that I am! Even the semblance of the original is not or me!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

VICE PRESIDENT'S ROOM.

One of the Handsomest in Washington—Its Historic Furniture.

To me this vice president's room, just across the inside corridor from the senate chamber, is one of the most interesting in the capitol. In one corner is a bust of Lafayette S. Foster of Connecticut, who was president pro tempore of the senate during the Johnson impeachment trial and who would have succeeded to the presidency had Johnson not escaped impeachment by so narrow a margin and the loss of his high station. Alas, such is fame in public life! How many today remember Senator Foster? These events took place before the law regulating the presidential succession was changed, so that the line now runs down through the cabinet, following the vice president regularly elected by the people.

The $200 silver ink well on the table is a work of art, symbolic of a reunited north and south, a silver eagle surmounting the whole, breathing defiance. This is altogether the most handsomely furnished room in the capitol. The portrait of Washington in this room—painted by Peale in 1825 (Peale had known Washington and painted this portrait from memory mainly)—was exhibited in Europe in 1833 and then purchased by a member of the staff of General Wilson Peale, a son of the famous artist.

It was in this room that Vice President Henry Wilson died during Grant's administration. The mirror over the clock was the occasion of a three days' debate in the senate because some members thought Vice President John Adams had been grossly extravagant in paying $40 for the mirror "to gratify his personal vanity."

The mirror surmounts a $1,000 clock, whose beautiful chimes sound the quarter hours and which displays also the signs of the zodiac. This clock has not once been stopped in the whole half century that it has ticked away, while vice presidents came and went. Directly opposite is another mirror which cost $500, in which the forty dollar extravagance of John Adams is continuously reflected. Surmounting the portrait of Washington is a flag made of the first silk woven on American soil, during the early days of the mulberry craze, and presented to the government by ladies of Philadelphia.

It is here that Senator Frye comes for a few moments of relaxation when the senate has adjourned, takes up a book and a black cigar for a breathing spell and, we may suspect, spends a few moments in reverie concerning the good fishing streams away up in Maine. —National Magazine.

UNFORTUNATELY THE ONLY WAY.

"Of course you wouldn't marry a title."

"Not if there was any other way of getting one," answered the severely practical girl.—Chicago Post.

Too Late.

Professor—What is the dose of croton oil?

Student (in a hurry)—One teaspoonful.

The professor makes no comment, but the student feels he has not answered correctly.

Student (15 minutes later)—I want to change my answer to that question.

Professor (looking at his watch)—It is too late. Your patient has been dead 14 minutes.—N. Y. Times.

Out of Politics.

Foreign Visitor—You have a glorious country here, and fairly revel in the blessings of freedom, I suppose.

Mr. Crossroads—Wall, as to that, we don't take much interest in politics up our way. The post office don't half pay expenses, and so all parties patriotically agreed to retire from the political field and let a soldier's widow have it.—N. Y. Weekly.

It Would Seem So.

A tombstone epitaph seems to be
A case of posthumous fame,
In which a man gets what he wants
After he's out of the game.
—Chicago Daily News.

WHEN TO CATCH PAPA.

"Now, dearest, may I go to your father and ask his consent?"

"Wait until the end of the quarter, when my dressmaker's bill comes in. He will be more willing to part with me then."—Ladies' Field.

A Quatrain.

In musty tomes the sages wrote each line,
Only to sigh and sigh and find no light would shine.
But I find surer roads to lead to my content;
I am content if snooze I can till nine.
—The Rubyiat of a Happy Man.

It Does Seem Strange.

"So you advise me not to sue," said the client.

"I do," said the lawyer.

"Well," returned the disappointed client, "it seems darned strange that when a man pays for advice he can't get the kind he wants."—Chicago Post.

Not Unusual.

"When I'm mad," asserted the disagreeably aggressive man, "I'm a terror."

"It is not surprising," was the quiet reply. "That is a common canine characteristic." — Brooklyn Eagle.

A Criticism.

Jay Green—Young Blowby, that's home from college, boasts that he's half-back, of his football team, doesn't he?

Abner Appledry—Yes; but I think he secretly believes that he's the whole thing.—Judge.

Struck a New Note.

Tommy—Uncle Henry's got the rheumatism in a new spot this morning.

Dicky—How do you know?

"His swearin' is different from what it generally is."—Chicago Tribune.

Entirely Rational.

"Yes; he said if he had his choice he'd rather be an ex-convict than anything else."

"The idea! How eccentric!"

"Not at all. You see, he's just been sent to prison for a term of ten years."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Otherwise Employed.

"And you were seasick all the way over? Well, it was some relief to you to swear, I presume?"

"To swear! Thunder! I didn't have any time to swear!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Good Play.

Katharine—Papa, I'm going to do something to help cut down your heavy family expenses.

Papa—What is it, daughter?

Katharine—Papa, I'm going to marry our doctor.—Brooklyn Life.

A Bouquet for Her Next Day.

He—Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, you know.

She—Yes; I never saw anyone who could pass a florist's as often as you can without stopping to even look in the window.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Made an Impression.

"Did the evidence in the divorce suit indicate that Mrs. Flash was giddy?"

"I guess so. The judge and five of the jurors wanted to marry her."—Brooklyn Life.

At the Wrong Shop.

Patient—The trouble with me is that I can't sleep. Yet I am always as hungry as a wolf and I work like a horse.

Doctor—You had better consult a veterinary.—N. Y. Times.

Agreed with George.

George—Well, all love—at any rate, I love—the true, the beautiful and the good.

Maud (blushing)—I—I thought you did, George, and I'm sure papa will consent.—Tit-Bits.

GENEROUS.

McBluff—"I did want to tip you, waiter, but I have no change."

Waiter—"I can make change for you, sir."

McBluff—"Er—can—you? Well—er—give me five pennies for this nickel."—Philadelphia Ledger.

HER METHODS.

Stella—"So she married him to reform him? How did she begin?"

Bella—"By spending a lot of money. You know how hard it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."—Harper's Bazar.

QUEER DISAPPEARANCES.

Prominent Persons Who Have Mysteriously Dropped From Sight.

"The most remarkable instance of disappearance ever known," were the words used by a detective a few days ago when speaking of a case he was employed upon. It was not a haphazard expression, nor was it original, for it has been used of many in the list of those who have mysteriously disappeared. A report of the commissioner of police of London recently noted that 174 men and women of that city had sunk out of sight of their friends in the year. Many persons disappear every year in New York city. One of the most remarkable cases of disappearance was that of Lieutenant Edward W. Remey of the navy, a brother of Judge Advocate General William B. Remey and Rear Admiral George C. Remey. The last seen of him was when he walked down the gangplank of the steamship Roanoke in New York city on Feb. 17, 1887. Every effort was made to find him, but no trace was discovered. Had he been a man of irregular habits there might have been some suspicion as to the cause of his disappearance, but he was a sober, straightforward officer, and no officer had a better record, stood higher in the profession or was more greatly esteemed.

Another naval officer who disappeared a few years ago was ex-Passed Assistant Engineer Richard H. Buel, an officer who had served in the civil war with distinction. He started for Boston on Dec. 20, 1880, after which no trace of him could be discovered. His father was the Rev. Samuel Buel, at one time dean of the General Theological seminary of New York.

There are many who will recall Stillman S. Conant, one of the editors of Harper's Weekly, who started from his sanctum for his home in Brooklyn on Jan. 16, 1885, and though search was made for him in various parts of the United States and Europe, where he was reported to have been seen, nothing about him has ever been learned.

Thomas W. Fisher's disappearance more than ten years ago attracted a great deal of interest. He was a real estate broker in Washington, and, as was his usual custom, he one evening went to Baltimore to visit the young woman to whom he was engaged. The couple became involved in a dispute over a trivial matter, and the young woman declared their engagement off. Mr. Fisher left the house and, after wandering about the streets for some time, left Baltimore for New York. He at once wrote to his former fiancee, apologized for his rude conduct and begged her forgiveness, but she was bent upon punishing him and did not reply to his letter. Fisher then left New York and went to Albany, from which place he wrote again to the young woman, saying that he would not burden her again with his petitions and that he intended to commit suicide. The young woman then replied to his letter and asked his forgiveness, but the letter was returned with the stamp upon it, "Not found," and nothing has been heard from the young man since that day.

Among other "mysterious disappearances" are those of Dr. Richard C. Brandels, William J. Phillips, a member of the Produce Exchange; Alexander F. Oakey, a frequent contributor to Harper's Weekly and Harper's Magazine, and William M. Rapalje, a well known artist and architect of Syracuse, N. Y.—New York Tribune.

A Fairy Story of Mining.

The Calumet and Hecla copper mine, described by Samuel E. Moffett in Cosmopolitan, has been the most profitable single mine of any sort in the world. Its stock has sold at six or seven times the price of Standard Oil. It has paid dividends of $10,000,000 in a single year on a nominal capital of $2,500,000, of which only $1,200,000 was ever paid in—a rate of 400 per cent on the par value or 833 per cent on the cash investment. It has paid over $80,000,000 in dividends in thirty years.

The Red Jacket shaft of the Calumet and Hecla is the deepest shaft in the world—4,900 feet in vertical depth, or almost a mile. It goes over 3,000 feet below the level of the sea.

The owners of this mine have been especially lucky in not encountering any great masses of pure copper. A neighboring mine was almost bankrupted by striking a chunk of fine metal weighing 600 or 700 tons. It was worth about $200,000, but it could neither be dug nor blasted and had to be cut away with cold chisels.

The Indians of the Lake Superior region knew about its copper deposits for hundreds of years and used to worship the nuggets as either gods themselves or the treasures of gods.

Electric Anæsthesia.

A French investigator has been experimenting with the electric current to produce anæsthesia. After duly fortifying himself with a number of experiments upon animals he extended his researches to the human body, experimenting at first upon himself. He finds by applying a current, the exact character of which is not stated, to the body through moistened electrodes placed one on the forehead and the other over the small of the back that with a voltage of fifty complete inhibition takes place. The faculty of speech is first lost, followed finally by the inhibition of the functions of the other motor senses. It is asserted that its only disagreeable feature is that which accompanies the gradual loss of the faculties, resulting in a sensation of nightmare. The heart is said to be unaffected, but the breathing is somewhat obstructed. The current strength is gradually applied, about five minutes being occupied in reaching the maximum. When the current is switched off, the subject awakens at once and with a "feeling of invigoration."

PRIDE.

Von Porker—Arn't you satisfied with that antenuptial settlement?

Lord Grafter—No, sir! I don't want to lose my self-respect after marriage by having to run to your daughter for every thousand.—Life.

THE KITCHEN WRECKER.

Growler—I don't like that new servant. She makes so many bad breaks waiting on the table.

Mrs. Growler—Why, she's a savings bank. You ought to see the breaks the cook makes!—Baltimore American.

Healthy Indeed.

"So this is a healthy town?" interrogated the new arrival.

"Healthy ain't no name for it, stranger," boasted the native. "Why, we have only three patients in the hospital."

"Who are they?"

"Why, the doctor, the undertaker and the tombstone man. They are there for lack of nourishment."—Chicago Daily News.

What's in a Name.

Tess—I've written Mame Woodby an invitation to my tea. I suppose I must.

Jess—Yes, but you've spelled her name "M-a-m-e."

Tess—That's so. She spells it "M-a-y-m-e," doesn't she?

Jess—O! no. She did three months ago, but it's "M-a-i-g-h-m-e" now.—Philadelphia Press.

The Cook Won Out.

Yeast—Don't you think arbitration is the safest way to settle disputes?

Crimsonbeak—No; I must say that I do not. We had some trouble with our cook and I went to the kitchen to arbitrate the matter with her. Come up to the house some time and I'll show you what remains of the suit of clothes I wore that day.—Yonkers Statesman.

Spoiled by Overdoing.

"Your beauty intoxicates me," said the would-be suitor.

"That settles it," replied the maid in the case. "I can never become your wife."

"Because why?" queried the youth.

"Because you would be full all the time," she answered.—Chicago Daily News.

A Fiendish Amusement.

"You are his rival in love?"

"I am."

"Yet you profess friendship for him."

"I do. I have been his dentist for several years, and I wouldn't forego the fun of fixing up his teeth for anything in the world."—Washington Star.

Soporific.

Knox—I sat down in my easy chair last evening and picked up that new novel of Scribbler's, and I didn't get into bed until four this morning.

Cox—The idea! Why, I thought it awfully tiresome.

Knox—Exactly! It was four o'clock when I woke up in my chair.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Domestic Mystery.

Mr. Binks—Something queer about Bifkins. He has never once mentioned his wife.

Mrs. Binks—Perhaps he isn't married.

Mr. Binks—Oh, yes, he is. He wears out three pairs of shoes a month trying to save car fare.—N. Y. Weekly.

Foolish Man.

"So Markley is dead."

"Yes, it was a complication of troubles."

"Why, when I saw him a week ago he only seemed to have a slight cold."

"That's right, but he tried to take all the remedies his friends suggested."—Philadelphia Press.

In the Land of Dreams.

Hetty—Oh, Bertha, you must show me that hat your husband said he was going to buy for you. The last time I was here, you know, he said it was a dream.

Bertha—And it is still a dream, Hetty.—Tit-Bits.

A Long-Felt Want.

"I see a crank out west announces his invention of 'a theater hat for ladies that will shut up when the curtain rises.'"

"If he'd only invent a box party that would do that he'd desrve a medal."—Philadelphia Press.

The Happy Place.

You'll soon be at de place
Whar de blossoms run a race
En de fiel'-larks is a-havin' er day fun,
Whar de melon ripe en red
Is a-makin' er his bed
En th'owin' er his green sides ter de sun!
—Atlanta Constitution.

EVIDENCE.

Up-to-Date Schoolmistress (but short-sighted)—Oh! is that you, Miss Maylove? Have you had your boxing lesson?

Miss Maylove—What do you think? —Ally Sloper.

She Knew Carrie.

Hetty—Going to wear that hat no more? Why?

Bertha—Carrie says it is awfully becoming to me. Of course, that means it makes me look like a fright.—Boston Transcript.

One Man's View.

"Do you believe in love at first sight, Chris?"

"Sure. If more men took a closer look they wouldn't fall in love."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Her Whole Soul in It.

"Don't you think she sang with considerable feeling?"

"Oh, yes! She was feeling of her back hair nearly all the time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

AN INSINUATION.

"What I want," said the coy maid of more or less uncertain years, "is a hat that will suit my complexion."

"Oh," exclaimed the milliner, with sudden inspiration: "I have a hand-painted hat in the window that I'm sure will be just what you want."—Chattanooga News.

MUST BE A FD.

"My State," said a fellow from Md.,
"In winter's a big Tom and Jd.
In summer the cows
Contentedly browse
Milk punches then make it a dd."
—Exchange.

THE GATEWAY OF THE SUN

And a Few Pointers Regarding Hotel Charges in Spain.

"This," said mine host of the Hotel de Paris as he led us into a suit of rooms on the noble floor—"this," said he as he shot the heavy iron bolts and bars which fastened the prisonlike Spanish windows—"this," said he as he flung open the ponderous shutters with rattle and clash and clang—"this is the Puerta del Sol."

It was indeed the Gateway of the Sun. As I gazed upon it I gasped. Another illusion gone.

Our host looked scrutinizingly into our faces that he might note the effect upon us of this imposing sight. By the way, the relations between our host and ourselves were slightly strained. We had insisted on leaving our luggage on top of the coach until we had found rooms to our liking. Leaving one's luggage in that way usually has an excellent moral effect on continental hotel keepers. They always begin by showing you their highest priced rooms, including a magnificent and funereal "salon;" then, if your luggage has been brought up, they insist there are no other rooms. Therefore it is well to leave your luggage on the coach and if the rooms are not to your liking go to another hotel.

But we had struck a haughty Castilian host with the soul of a hidalgo. He did not like the caution shown by our failure to bring in our luggage, and he plainly showed it by his manner. So he attempted to crush us by the magnificence of the Puerta del Sol.

I gazed out upon the Gateway of the Sun. I saw before me a shabby square surrounded by dingy buildings. In front of these dingy buildings there lolled, lounged, lay and sat dingy idlers and shabby beggars. Upon the surface of the square one saw no tree, nor shrub, nor patch of green, only a large expanse of dingy pavement. It was strewn with old newspapers, cigarette stumps and orange skins. Over the shabby bosom of the square glided dingy, shabby tram cars. And this was the Gateway of the Sun.

"How much?" said I to our host. "How much a day, senor, for these rooms—the whole business—everything included—todo compreso—tout compris?"

Our host rubbed his hands together and replied slowly, "Thirty pesetas."

"For two persons?"

"No," replied the host in an explanatory tone, "per person."

"Then that makes 60 pesetas," I remarked.

"Yes, 60 pesetas—tout compris—everything included."

"Does it include service?"

"N-o-o-o," replied our host. "Service is extra—it will be 1½ pesetas."

"For both?"

"N-o-o-o per person."

"That makes 3 pesetas more. Does it include light?"

"Yes," said the host briskly, "light included."

"Candles or electric light?"

"I meant candles," admitted the host.

"Then the electric light is extra?"

"Yes, but it is only half a peseta per day."

"For two persons?"

"N-o-o-o," admitted the host, "1 peseta for two persons."

"That makes 65 pesetas instead of 30," said I. "Is there anything else to be added in this tout compris? Do you charge anything for the view of the Puerta del Sol?"

The host's blue blood rose. "Evidently, senor," he said stiffly, "you do not desire those rooms. I will therefore withdraw them from your consideration." And he stalked away in dudgeon.

We subsequently inflicted on our haughty host the pain of seeing the brass bound meninis of his rival across the square bear our belongings away to the Hotel de la Paz, where we soon were very comfortably housed.—Jerome Hart in Argonaut.

A Wellington Story.

Wellington's grandniece tells this anecdote of the Iron Duke's sense of justice in the just published volume of his letters: "I forget if it was at Walmer or at Strathfieldsaye that he one evening in the drawing room rang the bell several times, and, no servant answering it, he became extremely angry. When at last a footman appeared, the duke stormed, with very strong language, at his neglect of duty. I, a small child, so far from being frightened, thought it exceedingly funny to see the duke angry and went into fits of laughter. This checked him, and the footman interposed, saying: 'If your grace will look, you will see the bell is broken and never rang at all. I only came in for something else.' The duke examined the bell and then turned to the footman and said: 'Yes, I was wrong. I am very sorry, William, and I beg your pardon,' and then, turning to me, added in his gruff voice, 'Always own when you are in the wrong.'"

The Cost of Sea Speed.

It is easy to build a record breaking ocean steamship. The problem is who is to pay the bills. Two new Cunarders are to be built to attain a speed of 25 knots. The company could not afford to build such ships and run them in the dull season. The British government consequently is helping out.

To build two 25 knot merchant ships costs over $10,000,000. Great Britain advances every cent of this money and permits the Cunard company to repay it in twenty years, with interest at 2½ per cent.

To run such a ship with 52,000 horse power means burning 1,000 tons of coal a day and other expenses in proportion. But besides a generous mail subsidy Great Britain is to pay $750,000 per year to the Cunard company for the privilege of carrying the two ships on the naval reserve list, thus having an option on their use in war time.

TATE ATE TETE-A-TETE.

"There once was a fellow named Tate,
Who dined with his girl at 8:08;
At this very late date
'Twould be hard to relate
What Tate and his tete-a-tete ate,
Tete-a-tete, at 8:08."
—Philadelphia Press.

The Doctor—Is your wife a good sleeper, Mr. Stubb?

Stubb—Yes, pretty good.

The Doctor—Does she go to sleep as soon as she touches the pillow?

Stubb—Well—er—she goes to sleep as soon as she touches my vest pocket.—Chicago News.

Considerable of a Descent.

"He believes in the Darwinian theory—thinks he is descended from a monkey, you know."

"Well, so far as he is individually concerned, I guess he is right."

"How is that?"

"I am always ready to concede that anyone who will make that claim not only has descended from a monkey, but has descended a good long ways. He certainly hasn't risen."—Chicago Post.

Wrote Himself Down.

"The prisoner knocked me down, calling me a scarecrow, a wall-eyed old fool, a reforming rooster, a dolt and an idiot."

This was the conclusion of the deposition. He affixed his signature, which was preceded by the formal entry: "All of which I swear to be true," and left the court.—N. Y. Herald.

A Love Verselet.

"Oh, may I kiss you, sweet?" he cried.
"What cheek!" exclaimed the belle.
"Both, please," the artful chap replied;
"And on the lips as well."
—Ally Sloper.

STRIVING TO PLEASE.

Miss Pomade—Where is the paint department, please?

Floorwalker—Face or house?—Chicago Daily News.

Trouble.

Cannot some wise one tell us,
To ease our wandering minds,
Who is it loses all the fault
That other people finds?
—Baltimore World.

Easy to Find Out.

"How absurd it is to say that a man doesn't know on which side his bread is buttered when it's so easy to find out."

"How?"

"Drop it. Anyone ought to know that it will fall butter-side down."—Chicago Post.

Appreciation.

Clerk—Mr. Snipper was in while you were out; he said he'd call again tomorrow.

Proprietor—Very kind of him.

Clerk—But he wanted to collect a bill.

Proprietor—Very kind to say when he would call.—Boston Transcript.

Deep Respect.

"You must always have the greatest respect for your parents," said the benevolent stranger.

"I have," answered the boy with freckles. "Why, either one of them can whip me with one hand."—Washington Star.

Too Bad.

First Author—Stackson's is a case of where a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

Second Author—In what way?

"Why, he knows just enough of history to unfit him for being a historical novelist."—Brooklyn Life.

She Had Evidence.

"If you only had your place for three days, Bridget, what makes you think the lady was pleased with you?"

"Because she said she was pleased when I left, ma'am."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Polite Punch.

"Your maple sirup," said the lady, "seems to be a good deal like the quality of mercy."

"How's that?" the smiling grocer asked, expecting a compliment.

"It is not strained."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Explains.

"Yez don't tell me Mrs. Brady is to be married ag'in!"

"Yes; it's thrue. Oi knowed yez 'd be surprised at her."

"Faith, 'tis not at her Oi'm surprised."—Puck.

Proved.

Strawber—Menkton says he followed your advice about speculating, and lost $4,000 by it.

Singerly—Did he? Well, I always knew he was a chump.—Detroit Free Press.

Bad Dancer.

Ida—Did Charley Stumbles tell you that he was down at our dance?

May—Yes, and he said he made a deep impression.

Ida—Indeed he did; right on my toe.—Chicago Daily News.

An Unkind Insinuation.

Cholly—Your father bowed to me very pleasantly on the street to-day.

Edith—Indeed? Mamma said he'd make some awful blunder if he went without his glasses.—Tit-Bits.

Correct to the Last.

"Anyhow," chuckled the somewhat fastidious horsethief, as the regulators adjusted the noose about his neck, "it isn't a readymade tie."—Chicago Tribune.

Talked Too Much.

Husband—What makes you so hoarse, my dear?

Wife—I attended a meeting of our whist club this afternoon.—Judge.

WHAT'S BEFORE THEM.

"These young society buds are mere butterflies," said the Rev. Mr. Straitlace. "They have no thought of the future life."

"Of the future life?" replied Miss Innit. "Oh! but they do; matrimony is always in their thoughts."—Philadelphia Press.

STILL HIS FRIENDS.

Husband—"I wish I could borrow some money to tide me over."

Wife—"Well, haven't you lots of friends?"

Husband—"Oh, yes. But they don't know yet that I need the money."—Life.